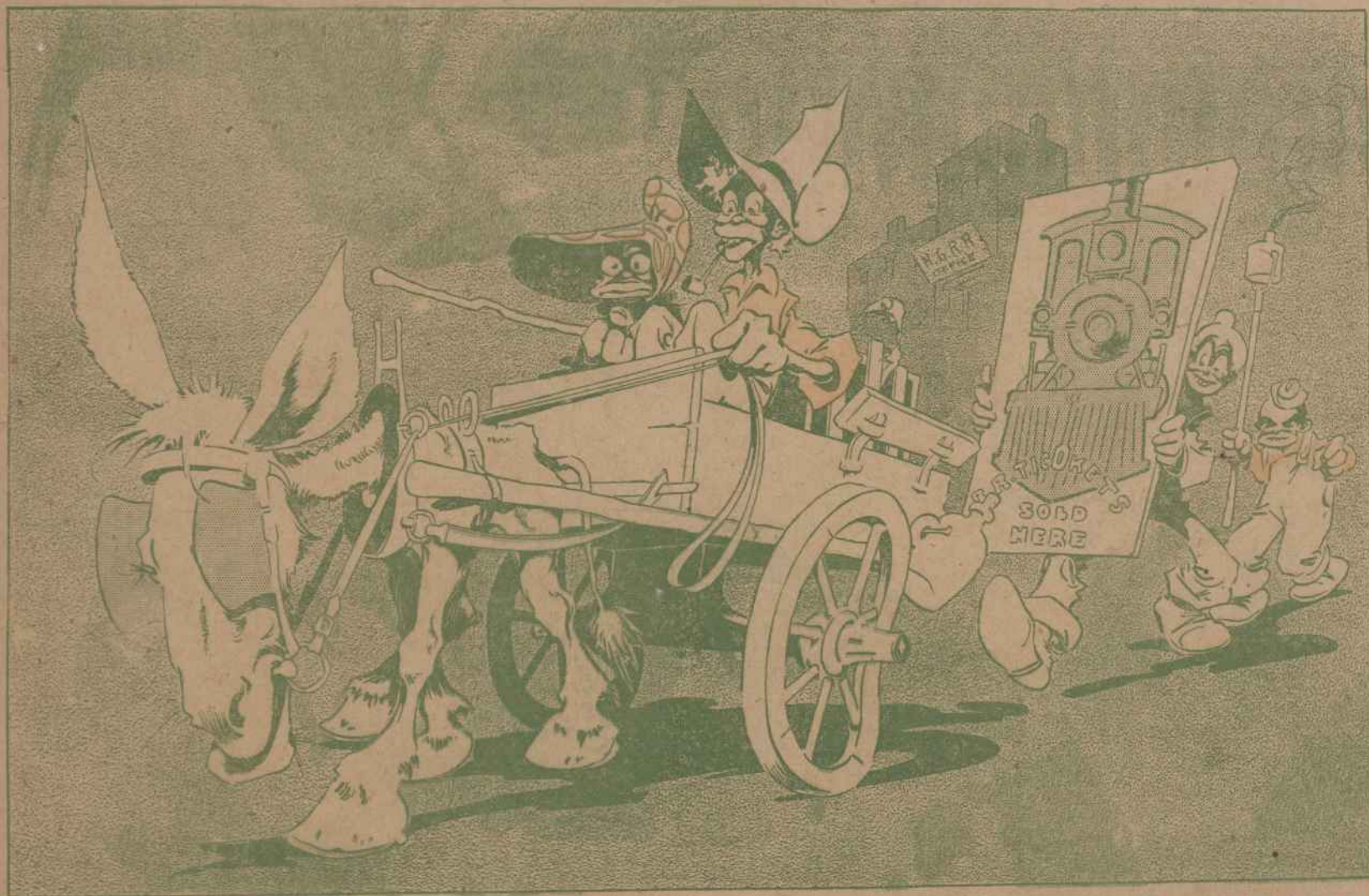


RAILROADED TO REPENTANCE; OR, WHEN BLACK WAS WHITE.



UNCLE MOSE: "Now don' be gittin' skeered ob de cars, ol' 'oman, er evahbody'll know dat you's from d' kentry!"

A MIGHTY MASTICATOR.

"MERCIFUL heavens!" she cried, musically wringing her hands.

Great sobs made her frame rattle, and salt tears mildewed her face.

"I am undone!" she moaned, then reassured herself by feeling all her hooks and eyes.

"Am I to blame for this curse that has come upon me?" she questioned herself. "No! no! a thousand times no! How could I tell that—that—that"—sobs shattered her voice—"the weak, sickly-looking d-d-dyspeptic who engaged board from me was an Iron J-J-Jawed Man!"

Moaning and crying, the Boardinghouse Keeper went out into the kitchen and salted the mangled remains of the property steak with her tears.

Revised to Suit.

"My motto," said the new boarder, "is pay as you go."

The landlady shook her head.

"It wouldn't do in my business," she said. "A man might hang around a month and then forget his motto. My motto is pay Saturday night or go."

No Aspirations Permitted.

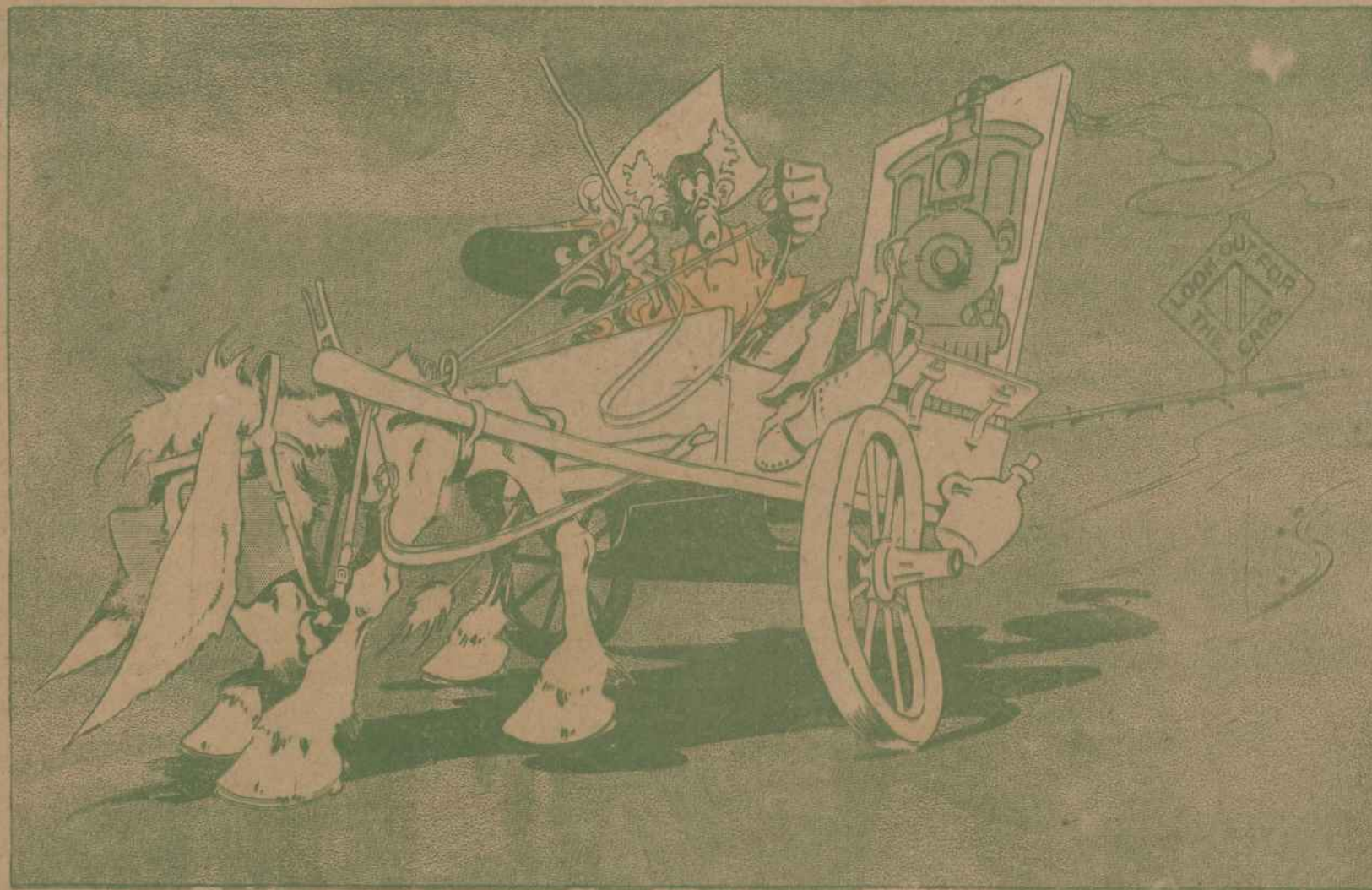
BANKER—Colonel Gore forged my signature to this check for a thousand dollars.

CASHIER—Well, I'd keep quiet about it. The colonel is a dead shot and always ready to uphold his honor.

Feasts Outdoors.

GOBANG—Those feasts of the ancients must have been great feasts. People still talk about them.

UKERDEK—Feasts of the ancients be blowed. Think of Dewey's breakfast!



"Whoo-oo-pee! O Lord hab russy on mah soul! De ingin's on us, Chloes! Lift up yo' voice in pra'h!"

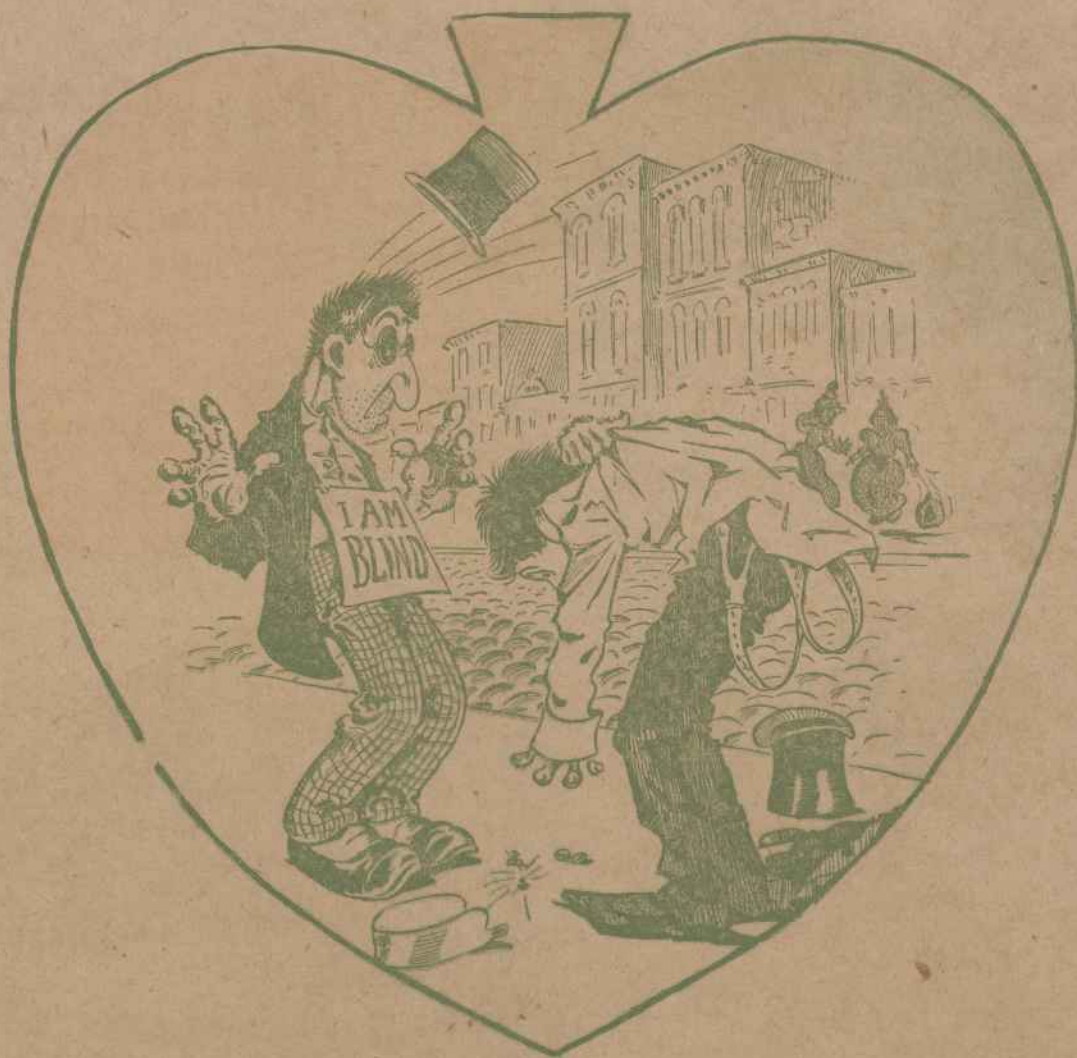
APPEARANCES AGAINST HIM.



THE CASHIER: "There goes our bookkeeper. I'll bet that he absconds some day."

THE COME-ON: "He looks crooked."

STARTLING GENEROSITY.



Everybody has heard the expression, "Why, he'd give a man the shirt right off his back," but did you ever stop to think how such a proceeding would look?

WHEN STRONG MEN WEEP.

S OBS rudely shook her fairy form—tears formed pools in her eyes—only by sheer will power did the young girl keep from crying.

"Let me share your trouble, Harold dear!" she pleaded.

The party addressed—yes, party, for in his torn raiment and wild eyes there was no semblance to gentility—staggered to his feet clutching wildly at his breast.

"No, no!" he cried.

"I insist!" she bawled. "Last night—only last night, and yet it seems years ago—we promised to be all in all to each other and forever pool our near-beats: if I am to share joys I wish also to share troubles."

"Never!" he moaned. "I wouldn't want my bitterest enemy—nay, not even a dog—to have a collar button drop down inside his shirt."

And once again he stood on his head and wriggled.

Not Untimely.

THE FRIEND—And did no physician attend your husband during his last illness?

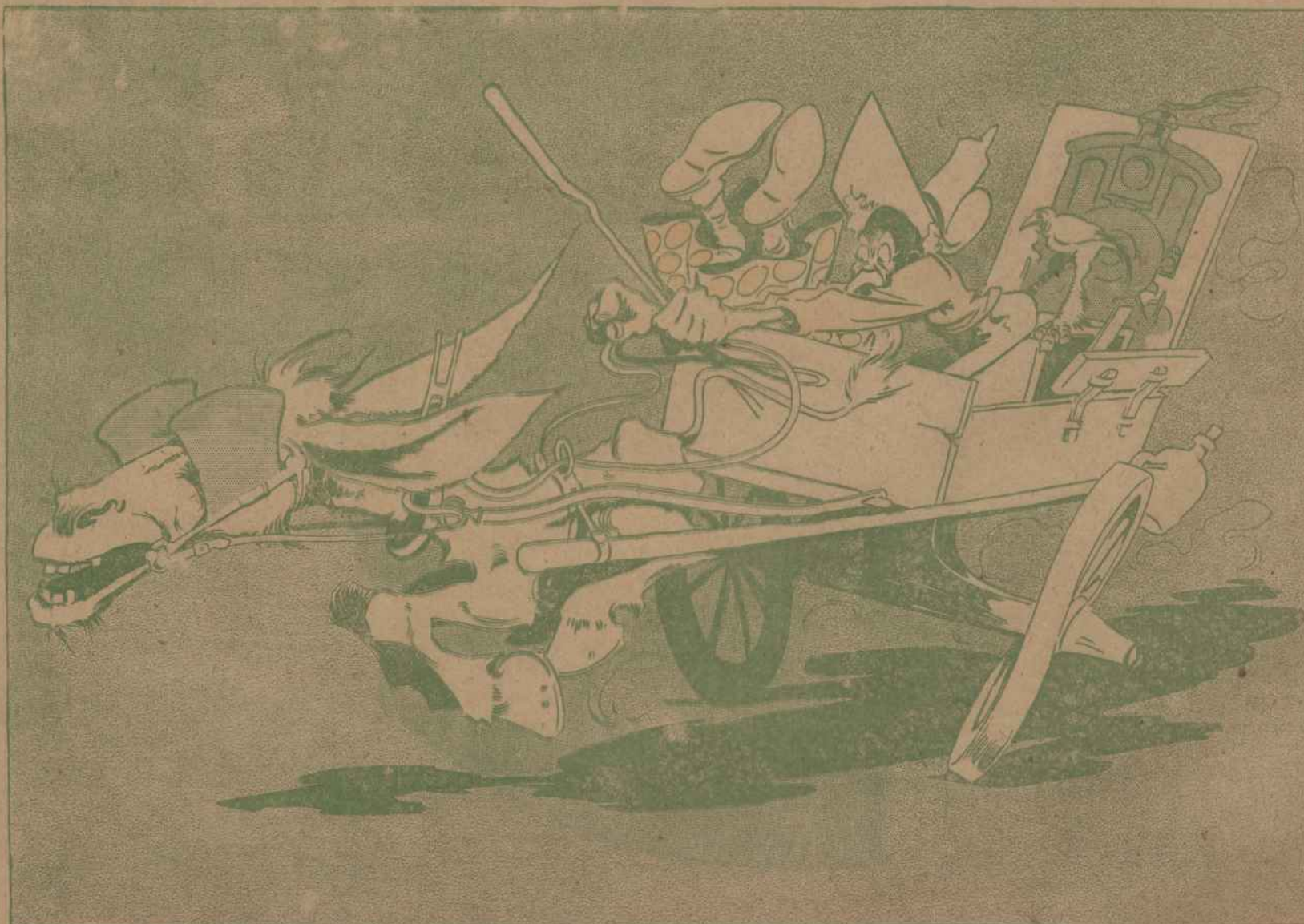
THE WIDOW—No, poor John died a natural death.

One Method of Treatment.

JONES—Our minister is apt to take an original view of any subject. He is to preach next Sunday on the parable of the prodigal son.

SMITH—I don't see how he is going to say anything new about that.

JONES—You can't tell. He may make his sermon an expression of sympathy for the fatted calf.



"I repents mah sins! Go it, ol' mule! We's allus bin good tuh you! I'm gwine tuh jine de chu'ch if I lib! Go it, ol' mule!"